

EUROPEAN LETTERS.

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BY DR. D. F. TIEFF.

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A General View of England.
To the Editor of the Whig & Courier.

In these rambling letters, I endeavor, giving you some account of my various gratinations about England; to furnish a thing for reflections; and if, by inducing

readers make comparisons between a
and a new country, between aristocratic
republican institutions, I can convey the
instruction as well as point a moral. I
tell that I have accomplished the main
purpose of a foreign correspondence.

One of the first things a reader at
wants to learn an American traveler al-
is the general impression made upon him
the city, region or country which he
the writer may afterwards ascend to pa-
lans; and then proceed in this way to his
content. It is to be done just as you
look at a picture, or examine a map,
gain the study of a new science. A ge-
outline is the first thing. The filling
the space enclosed is the next and last.

Let us proceed in the same way 'till we reach a very ancient country known to the world as England. Its antiquity, in fact, is the thing that impresses an American. Everything is new, fresh, recent. Our regions retain trees, and the sturdy trees, of original growth. Here we see seedling of the kind. I have not yet seen a tree in England. Trees are rather more than a stranger would expect to find, forests, even, are met with now and then the trees are all sprouts from the roots of trees long since grumbled back to earth and they are in general so scattering, densest forests, that the ground is mostly up with more brush, as we see old and dated second-growth who is at home.

The little towns and villages, on the hand, are altogether unlike our own, regularly laid-out streets, broad side roads of shade-trees, small houses, churches, even the fences of the best are kept fresh looking and clean to the neatness under thick coats of paint. This sort is seen in England. The houses, as well as the towns, seem to have been built without plan, or order, or system of any kind whatever. The houses have been set up on roads leading to the country. If near such a road, chance to be a little stream of water hill where a wind-mill could stand, or from which iron, or coal, or the could there the necessary works, with the

for the workmen, would be huddled together with the smallest inane reference to anything but each man's personal comfort. Then these structures, themselves as made for appearances or with any beauty, but barely for the roughest and most pressing purposes. Every structure is of colored brick. A red brick building constructed, with the courses nicely pecked after the American fashion, would be days' wonder in these unsightly villages have never yet seen one, nor any special style, which makes our villages so full, and village life so poetical and colorful. Everything about these English villages speaks of work; and they are as dirty as they are unsightly in construction.

arrangement. They are occupied only with poor, working people, who have little taste, nor the time, nor the means, for the ornamentation of their homes. In fact, the houses are not their own. They belong to the great landed proprietor, or company carrying on the factories, in whom these poor workmen earn their bread. Our villages are owned by capitalists; here the occupants are only tenants. In our villages, there is often wealth, refinement, a degree of education and intelligence; in English villages, there is poverty and servility and work. What *humble* means to the middle-classes of London, *modest* means to the poor. The English village is all work, work, work, and the work

ignorant and poor. No lord, no gentleman, no rich proprietor, resides among them; they are left to labor and sweat by the day. They have no public school; they are obliged to provide private tutors; and hence consequently grow up in absolute ignorance of everything they ought to be excepting the labors in which their hands are engaged; their early entrance into workshops, at an age which would be deemed in the United States, is rather than a hardship to a child of acclimation; but the effect of the whole is simply terrible; and the multitude of these industrial villages, while exempt from useful labor, and so contrary to the wealth of their country and to the

workily content, is one of the dark
the fair fame of England. If God
"Deserted Village" was like any of the
covering the face of this kingdom,
their inhabitants would not be as gre-
depicts, if they should all beat on ce-
and this process is really going on; a
saunds every year are leaving their
better conditions of life in our coun-
the poor man finds, if he is willing
for it, a paradise.

leaving the English villages, and
into the open country, the scene is
but the conditions of the laborer's life
much altered. Not only have the
large tracts of farming country, the
advances very rapidly.

walked out among the farmers, and
freely with all classes engaged in re-
pations. The farm-house is a small,
disjointed, irregular brick cottage
thatched roof, and a vegetable garden
ring rank about it, even to the very d-
stack-yard—for you will seldom see
city conitigous to the dwelling, the
only separation enough to guard a-
accidents of fire. From the road to
door—which is generally the only
there runs a very narrow path
poor farmer could not spare a sec-
of land for comfort, or for beauty.
same narrowness of lanes and
seen in all directions. The garden
a foot of ground devoted to mere

The Bucks' of the back-packs' Sunday together as they can and admit of a few of cattle and the family between. Sometimes, there is some slight at cleanliness about the premises; but, all, you will see yokes, carriages, ploughs, compost, pig-pens, and all the paraphernalia of a farm-yard lying round. No absolute confusion: For the owner knows the places of his tools, and has a system in his own mind, but I could never, or seldom, comprehend. Barns, for the storing of grain, and, as, for the protection of farming, and are equally rare in every part of the country. I have seen, on a very large plantation, under the supervision of the

er, a row of grain stacks were
mile in length; they stood along a
board fence which separated them
public highway and constructed
used exactly after a common pa-
run in the same mould, they look
line of small fortifications, or a brig

